

THE

11621-6
4

PLEASURES

OF A

SINGLE LIFE;

OR THE



Misery of Matrimony.

Together with the
Sweet Entertainment of the most charming
Pleasures of a Country Life.

Dedicated to all young Batchelors, Wi-
dows, and Maids.



The Pleasures of a Single Life, &c.

W Edleek, oh ! curst uncomfortable state,
 Cause of my woes and object of my hate
 How blest'd was I ! ah, once how happy me,
 When I from those uneasy bonds were free ;
 How calm my joys, how peace-ful was my breath
 'Till with thy fatal cares too soon oppress'd ;
 The world seem'd paradice, so blest the soil
 Wherein I liv'd, that business was no toil,
 Life was a comfort which produc'd each day,
 New joys that would preserve me from decay.
 Books my companions were, wherein I found,
 Needful advice, without a noisy sound ;
 But was with friendly pleasing silence taught,
 Wisdom's best rules to fructify my thoughts ;
 Rais'd up their sage fore-fathers from the dead,
 And when I pleas'd invok'd them to my aid,
 Who at my study bar without a fee would plead,
 Whilst I chief Justice sat heard all their faults,
 And gave my judgment on their learn'd dispute ;
 Then to my paper would I have recourse,
 And by my maps run o'er the universe,
 Sail round the Gobe and touch at every port,
 Survey those shores where men untain'd resort ;
 View the whole regions where the Percian Lord
 Taught wooden deities first to be ador'd.
 Ensnar'd at last to sacrifice his life,
 To the base pride of an adulterous wife.
 And where the Grecian youth to arms inur'd,
 Where bold Bucephalus his conduct show'd,
 The force of monstrous Elephants withstood,
 And with his rider waded thro' a purple flood,
 Then would I next, the Roman field survey,
 Where brave Fabricus with his army lay
 Fam'd for his valour from corruption free,
 Made up of courage and humility,

When encamp'd the good man lowly
k'd his own cabbage in his homely tent;
When the Samnites sent a golden sum,
tempt him to betray his coun-ry Rome,
dross he scoffingly return'd untold,
answered with a look serenely bold, }
at Roman sprouts wou'd boil without the
eat the Coleworts to this meal design
beats the Grecian army when he'd din'd.
Thus would I range the world, inform my sense,
ease and safety at a small expence;
stormes to plough, no passengers sums to pay,
horse to hire, or guide to shew the way;
Alps to climb, no desert, here to pass,
ambuscades, no thieves to give me chase;
Bear to dread, or rav'nous wolf to fight,
flies to sting, or rattle snakes to bite;
flood to ford, no hurricanes to fear,
dreadful thunder to surprize my ear,
winds to freeze, no sun to scorch or fry,
thirst or hunger, and relief not nigh;
these fatigues and mischiefs would I shun, }
when I please, and when I please jog on,
d travel through both Indies in an afternoon.
When the day thus far pleasing was spent,
d every hour administer'd content;
then would I range the fields and flowery meads
here nature's exuberant bounty spreads;
wh' se delightful products does appear,
mitable beauty every where.
Contemplate on each plant and every weed,
d how its form first lay involv'd in seed;
ow there preserv'd by providential care,
r what design'd, and what their virtues are;
ous to my mind by dint of reason prove,
at all below is ow'd to heaven above.

And that no earthly temporals can be,
ut what must enter in eternity,
When tir'd with thoughts I from my pocket took
Some friendly dear companion of a book,
And there would find such sweet eternal food,
That well digested, makes a man a God,
The day in these enjoyments would I spend,
But choose at night my bottle and my friend,
Took prudent care that neither were abus'd,
But with moderation both I us'd,
My friend and I, when o'er our bottle set,
Mix't with each glass some inoffensive chat,
Talk'd of the world's affairs but still keep free,
From passion, zeal, or partiality ;
With honest freedom did our thoughts dispence,
And judg'd of all things with indifference,
Till time at last did our delights invade,
And in due season separation made,
Then without envy, discord, or deceit,
Part liketwo friends, as loving as we meet;
Then home return'd, my thanks to heaven pay,
For all the past blessings of the day ;
No haughty helpmate, my peace to molest,
No family cares that may disturbe my rest,
But freed from that which could my mind annoy,
Alone myself I did myself enjoy,
When nature call'd I laid me down to rest,
With a sound body and a peaceful breast,
Hours of repose with constancy I kept,
And guardian angels watch'd me as I slept,
In living dreams revivewg as I lay,
The pleasures of the last proceeding day.
But the curs'd fiend of hell beholding me,
Advanc'd by virtue to felicity,
Resolv'd his ow eternal wretched state,
Sho'ud be in part reveng'd of my sad fate,

And so at once my life betray,
A young woman, faithless woman, in my way
Of fair complexion, far exceeding paint,
Black sleepy eyes that would have charm'd a saint
Her lips so soft and sweet that them to kiss,
Seem'd a short taste of the eternal bliss;
Her set of teeth so regular and white,
They shew'd their lustre in the darkest night;
Round her seraphick face, so fair and young,
Her sable hair in careless tresses hung,
Which added to her beautiful features shew'd,
Like some fair angel peeping through a cloud;
Her breast, her hands, and every charm so bright,
She seem'd a Sun by day, a Moon by night;
Her shape so ravishing that every part,
In proportion was to nicest rules of art;
Awful was her carriage when she mov'd,
None could behold her but he fear'd and lov'd,
She danc'd well, sung well, finely play'd the lute,
Was always witty in her words and cute;
Obliging, not reserv'd, not yet too free,
But as a maid divinely blest should be.
Fortune like God, and nature too was kind,
And to these gifts a copious sum had join'd;
Who could the power of such temptation shun,
What frozen Cynick from her charms could run
First, for her smallest favours did I sue,
Crept, frown'd, and cringed, as lovers us'd to do,
E'er I spoke, and when I spoke look'd pale,
My words confus'd disclos'd thy mournful tale,
In practis'd and fine amorous speeches coin'd,
But could not utter what I well design'd
Lov'd, I sigh'd, and vow'd, talk, whin'd and pray'd,
And at her feet my panting heart I laid;
She smil'd, then frown'd, was now reserv'd, then free
And as she play'd her part, oft chang'd the key,

No through fantastick humour, but design,
 Try me thoroughly e'er she should be mine,
 Because she wanted in one man to have,
 A Husband, Lover, Cuckold, and a Slave,
 Thus when by will she heightened my desire,
 And fan'd love sparkles to a pleasing fire,
 Mad now for wedlock or for Bedlam fit,
 The passion gain'd the upperhand of wit.
 The Dame by pity or by interest mov'd,
 Or else by lust, pretended how she lov'd.
 After long sufferings her consent I got,
 To make me happy, as I hop'd and thought,
 But oh! the wretched hour I tied the gorgon knot.

Thus thro' mistake I rashly plung'd my life,
 Into the gulph of misery, a wife!
 With joyful arms I thus embraced my fate,
 Believing too soon, was undeceiv'd too late.
 When a few weeks were wasted I compar'd
 (With due moderation and regard,)
 My former freedom with my new restraint,
 Judging what state afforded most content;
 But found a single life as calm and gay,
 As the delightful blooming month of May;
 But wedlock's like the blustering month of March
 That does the body's maimes and bruises search.
 Brings with cold nipping storms, unwelcome pain
 And finds or breeds distemper in our veins;
 Renews old sores, and hastens on decay,
 And seldom does afford one pleasant day;
 Bulouds dissolve, or raging tempests blows,
 untill houses like the wrangling shrews.
 March and Marriage may be justly said,
 alike, then sure he man is mad,
 oves such changing weather where the best
 Tho' I once happy in a single life,
 Yet Shipwreck'd am upon a rock the wife,

7
By gold and beauty's, powerful charms betray'd,
To the dull drudgery of a marriage bed,
That paradise for fools, a sport for boys,
Tiresome its chains, and brutal are its joys;
Thou nauseous priestcraft that too soon appear'd
Not as I hop'd, but worse than what I fear'd,
All her soft charms which I believ'd divine,
Marriage I thought had made them only mine;
Vain hopes, alas! for I too early found,
My brows were with the horny wedlock crown'd;
Jealousies first from reason made a doubt,
And fatal chance the unhappy truth brought out,
Made it so plain from all pretences freed,
And wicked woman no excuse could plead;
And if she wants device to hide her shame,
Hell can no umbrage for adultery frame,

I thought it prudent the disgrace to hide,
Tho' rav'd and storm'd she pardon beg'd and cry'd;
Yet with false protestations strove to charm,
The cuckold to believe she'd done no harm;
Tho' taken be surprize (O curse the day,)
Where all the marks of past enjoyments lay,
And she discovered by her lustful cheeks,
Had shame and horror struggling in her cheeks,
Yet made essays to clear her innocence,
And hide her guilt with lies and impudence.
But I convinced too plainly of her guilt,
All her false oaths and quick intentions spilt,
Which when she us'd in vain she blush'd and cry'd,
And own'd her fault she found she could not hide.
Thus I forgiv'd, she promis'd to reclaim,
Vow'd future truth if I'd conceal the shame;
But what strange adamantine heart can bind
Women corrupted to be Just and Kind?
Oh how can man to an adulteress show
That love which too a faithful wife is due

strugled hard, and all my passions check'd,
 And chang'd revenge into a mild respect,
 That good for ill return'd might touch her near,
 And love might have more influence than fear;
 My former love I every day renew'd,
 And all the signals of oblivion shew'd,
 Wink'd at some faults, wou'd no such trifles mind
 As accidental failings, not design'd.
 I all things to her temper easy made,
 Scorn'd to reflect, and hated to upbraid.
 She chose, and rich it was her own attire,
 Nay, had what a proud woman could desire;
 But all this kindness was dispen'd in vain,
 Where lust and base ingratitude remain,
 Stripes and severe correction is the way;
 When once they're thoroughly conquer'd
 'Tis whip and spur, commanding rein and bit,
 That makes the unruly head strong horse submit;
 So stubborn faithless women must be used,
 Or man by woman basely be abused,

For after all the endearments I could shew,
 At last she turn'd both libertine and shrew;
 For my submission grew perverse and proud,
 Crabbed as verjuice, and as thunder loud,
 Did what she pleas'd, did no obedience own,
 And ridicul'd the patience I had shown.
 Grew still more headstrong, turbulent, and lewd,
 Filling my passion with a spurious brood;
 Fear'd no sharp threatnings, valued no disgrace,
 But slung the wrongs she'd done me in my face.
 On these just grounds for a divorce I su'd,
 At last that headstrong tyrant wife subdu'd;
 And now the law once more as fet me free,
 w o m e n can again prevail on me,
 May I be plagued ten thousand times for worse,
 And under heaven esteemed the greatest curse.

The sweet entertainment or pleasure of a Country Life.

If Heaven the greatful liberty would give,

That I might choose my method how to live,

And all those hours propitious fate should lend,

In blisful ease and satisfaction spend.

Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,

Built uniform, not little nor too great ;

Better if on a rising ground it stood,

Fields on this side, on that a neighbouring wood,

It should within no other things contain,

But what is useful, necessary, plain ;

Methinks its nauseous, and I'd ne'er endure,

The needless pomp of gaudy furniture,

A little garden greatful to the eye,

And a cool rivulet run murmuring by,

On whose delicious banks a stately row,

Of stately limes or sycamores should grow,

At the end of which a silent study plac'd,

Should with the noblest Author's be grac'd ;

Horace, Juvenal, and am'rous Ovid too,

Who all the turn's of love, soft passion knew,

Horace and Virgil in whole mighty lines,

Immortal wit and solid learning shines.

I'd have a clear and competent estate,

That I might live genteely great ;

As much as I could moderately spend,

A little more sometimes to oblige a friend ;

For should the Sons of poverty repine,

Too much at fortune, they should taste of mine,

And all that objects of true pity were,

Should be reliev'd with what myself could spare.

For what our maker had so largely given,

Should be return'd in gratitude to Heaven ;

Frugal plenty should my table spread,

With healthful, not luxurious dishes fed,

Enough to satisfy, and something more,
To feed the stranger and the neighbouring poor:

I'd have a little cellar, cool and neat;
With humming ale and virgin wine repete;
Wine wets the wit, improves it's native force,
And gives a pleasant flavour to discourse;
By making all our spirits debonaire,
Throws off the lees the sediment of care.

But yet my house should no disorder know,
As from high drinking consequently flow,
Nor would I use what was so kindly given,
To the dishonour of indulgent heaven.

If any neighbour come, he should be free,
Us'd with respect, and not uneasy be
In my retreat, or to himself or me.

What freedom, prudence, and right reason give,
All men may with impunity receive.

But the least swerving from their rules too much,
For what's forbidden us, 'tis death to touch.

That life might be more comfortable yet,
And all my Joys refin'd, sincere, and great,
I'd chose two friends, whose company should be,
A great advance to my felicity;

Well born, of humours suited to my own,
Discreet, and men as well as books have known,
Brave, generous, witty, and exactly free,
From loose behaviour or formality.

Airy and prudent, merry, but not light,
Quick in discerning, and in judging right,
Secret they should be, faithful to their trust

In reasoning cool, strong, temperate, and just,
Obliging, open, without huffing brave,

Brisk in great talking, and in sober grave,
Close in dispute, but not tenacious try'd;

By solid reason, and let that decide;

Not prone to lust, revenge, or envious hate,

Nor busy medlers with intrigues of state,
 Strangers to slander, and sworn foe to spite,
 Nor quarrelsome but stout enough to fight.
 Loyal and pious friends to Cæsar true,
 As dying martyrs to their Maker too.
 In their society I could not miss,
 Appermanent, sincere, substantial bliss.

Would bounteous heaven once more indulge I'd
 For who would so much satisfaction loose, (chuse,
 As witty Nymphs in conversation give,
 Near some obliging modern fair to live,
 For there's that sweetness in a female mind,
 Which in a man's we can't expect to find,
 That by a secret but a powerful art
 Winds up the spring of life and does impart }
 Fresh vital heat to the transported heart. }
 I'd have her reason all her passions sway
 Easy in company, in private gay,
 Coy to a sop, to the deserving free,
 Still constant to herself and just to me;
 A soul she should have for actions fit,
 Prudence and wisdom to direct her wit
 Courage to look bold danger in the face,
 No fear but only to be proud or base,
 Quick to advise by an emergence prest,
 To give good council or to take the best,
 I'd have the expression of her thoughts be such,
 She might not seem reserved or talk to much,,
 That shews a want of judgment and of sense,
 More than enough is but impertinence.
 Her conduct regular, her mirth refin'd.
 Civil to strangers, to her neighbours kind;
 Averse to vanity, revenge, and pride,
 In all the methods of deceit untry'd.
 So faithful to her friends and good to all,
 No censure might upon her actions fall,

Then would even envy be, compell'd to say,
 She goes the least of women-kind astray,
 For highest co dials all their virtues loose,
 By a too frequent and too cold a use;
 And what would cheer the spirits in distress,
 Ruins our health when taken to excess.

I'd be concern'd in no litigious jar,
 Belov'd of all not vainly popular;
 Whatever assistance I had power to bring,
 To oblige my country, or to serve my king,
 When either call I'd readily afford,
 My tongue, my pen, my council, or my sword.
 Law suits I'd shun with as much studious care,
 As I would dens where hungry lions are,
 And rather put up injuries than be
 A plague to them who'd be a plague to me,
 I value quiet at a price too great,
 To give for my revenge so dear a rate,
 For what do we by all our bustle gain,
 But counterfeit delight for real pain.

If heaven a date of many years would give,
 Thus I'd in pleasure, ease and plenty live,
 And as I near approach'd the verge of life,
 Some kind relation for I'd have no wife,
 Should take upon me all my worldly care;
 While I did for a better state prepare,
 Then I'd not be with any trouble vext,
 Nor have the evening of my days perplext,
 But by a silent and a peaceful death,
 Without a sigh resign my aged breath,
 And when committed to the dust I'd have,
 Few tears, but friendly, dropped into my grave;
 Then would my exit so propitious be,
 All men would wish to live and die like me.

ord.
ve,

ve,

ve,
grave:

me.

Then would even envy be compell'd to say,
 She goes the least of women-kind astray,
 For highest co dials all their virtues loose,
 By a too frequent and too cold a use;
 And what would cheer the spirits in distress,
 Ruins our health when taken to excess.

I'd be concern'd in no litigious jar,
 Belov'd of all not vainly popular;
 Whatever assistance I had power to bring,
 To oblige my country, or to serve my king,
 When either call I'd readily afford,
 My tongue, my pen, my council, or my sword.
 Law suits I'd shun with as much studious care,
 As I would dens where hungry lions are,
 And rather put up injuries than be
 A plague to them who'd be a plague to me,
 I value quiet at a price too great,
 To give for my revenge so dear a rate,
 For what do we by all our bustle gain,
 But counterfeit delight for real pain.

If heaven a date of many years would give,
 Thus I'd in pleasure, ease and plenty live,
 And as I near approach'd the verge of life,
 Some kind relation for I'd have no wife,
 Should take upon me all my worldly care,
 While I did for a better state prepare,
 Then I'd not be with any trouble vext,
 Nor have the evening of my days perplext,
 But by a silent and a peaceful death,
 Without a sigh resign my aged breath,
 And when committed to the dust I'd have,
 Few tears, but friendly, dropped into my grave;
 Then would my exit so propitious be,
 All men would wish to live and die like me.

五、

word.

CAVE,

ne,

give,

3,

14

AVE,

grave:

DAC.